MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE



UNCLE WIGGILY'S BAD LUCK.

"The believe I will stay in. Maybe I'll have an adventure right here in my own bungalow."

Abil he did, but it was not a good anventure, though afterward Uncle Wiggily and a lot of fun out of it.

But it seemed to get coller and colder and Nurse Jane kept holding her paws over the hole in the floor where the hot air, came up from the furnace in the collar. Finally the muskrat lady said. "The bungalow is very chilly, Uncle Wiggily. I wender if you couldn't make the fire a little hotter."

"I'll try." the rabbit gentleman answered. So he went down cellar and shock the furnace to clear out the cinders and ashes, and he put on more corneob coal and he opened the damper.

"How's that—is it any better?" he saked Nurse Jane, as he came up to the allting room again.

"A lot better," answered the muskrat lady. "It is much warmer."

"So she and Uncle Wiggily sat around the hole in the floor where the lot air came up out of the cellar and at last the rabbit geutleman said."

"It must be gotting warmer outside. I finink I might take a skip around now, and see what hispers.

"It does seem to be much warmer, especially in here." Nurse Jane said. "You must have put a lot of coal on the fire, Wiggie."

"Well, perhabs I did," he admitted; but you see—"Yes! Look what I see!" suddenly the rabbit gentleman. "So you would are the cherry pic you just to the certain by a firm by his coat. "Don't go out there. Label make any other pic, but there is only one their pic, but there is only one the floor of the bungalow.

"And as seen as the bunny gentleman and Nurse Jane were out of the bungalow.

"But it was too late. The first was too hot and all the water in the duck pond necan was frozen. In a little will the nice hollow stump bungalow was only a hear of the lot hole was little was been each the pic hole in the fole of woodland, near the Or

GOOD-BYE, John Barleycorn WE'VE PLAYED with you.

AND LAUGHED with you.

WE'VE SEEN you come.
IN CHEERFUL guise.

AND HATED you.

AND SING with us.

AND TELL droll tales.

DREAR TIMES would come.

AND MAKE us feel. THAT BUT for you.

TO THIS old world.

YOU'VE COME to us.

AND SORE at heart

AND WELL admit.

THAT FOR a time.

A LITTLE while.

AND BITTERNESS.

YOU'VE SAT with us. AT BANQUET board

AND EASED our way.

AND TIRED hours.

YOU'VE TAKEN US.

FROM OUT the cold.

THROUGH DREARY talks.

IN STRAIGHT-back chairs

WHERE WINTER winds.

HAVE CHILLED us through.

AND BROUGHT us warmth.

AND SNOW and frosts.

YOU'VE COME to us. WHEN LAGGARD brain.

AND WE'D forget.

WHEN Wil were grieved.

YOU'VE DULLED the grief.

UNCLE WIGGILY'S BAD LUCK.

(Copyright, 1872 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

By Howard R Garis.

It was very cold in Woodland near the Orange loo Mountains, where Uncle Wiggily lived in his hollow stump bungalow. It was so cold that when Nurse Jane Furzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, saw the hunny gentleman getting his tall slik hat down off the phonograph, size suid:

"You aren't going out tiday and look for an adventure, are you?"

"You'll freezed Baiter slay in and keep warm.

And then the rabbit zentleman looked out of the window of bis bungalow, and saw where Jack Frost had painted a picture in he, and when Mr Longears as the snow being blown about by the cold wind, the bunny said.

"I believe I will stay in Maybe III have an adventure right hore in my own bungalow."

And he did, but It was not a good adventure, though afterward Uncle Wiggily, answered. The bungalow is very chills, Uncle Wiggily, I woulder if you couldn't make the fire a little hafter."

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"The bungalow is very chills, Uncle Wiggily. I would be the harden in the floor of the bungalow."

"The bungalow is very chills, Uncle Wiggily. I would be in the fire a little hafter."

"I'll the same when the pull on more and ashes, and he pull on more and ashes, and he pull on more and sales, and he pull on more and where and more."

"Well, perhaps I did," he admitted; "Yes! Look what I see!" suddenly cried Nurse Jane. "I see smoke, and I smell smoke! Oh. Uncle Wigglly! The furnace must be on fire!"

The rabbit gentleman gave one glance at the hole in the floor. A cloud of smoke puffed up from it. Uncle Wigglly we have plenty of room. You are very welcome."

"Oh, what bad luck, Nurse Jane!" he cried.

"What is the matter?" asked the muskrat lady. "Did the swing shelf, with all my jars of preserves on, fall down and smash."

"Worse than that!" said Uncle Wig-" und Nurse Jane went to live for a time with the Littletail family and if the Jack-in-the-Box doesn't try to Jump through the hole in the surar lower than that!" said Uncle Wig-" under the build another bungalow.

"But not ustil spring." said Mr. Littletail the rabbit gentleman. "So you and Nurse Jane must come and live with us. Uncle Wigglly We have plenty of room. You are very welcome."

"Oh, yes, do come!" cried Samme and Susie Littletail, the rabbit come and live with us. Uncle wigglly we have plenty of room. You are very welcome."

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"Oh, yes, do come!" cried Samme and Susie Littletail, the rabbit come and live with us. Uncle wigglly he have such fun."

"So we will!" said the bunny. "I wees my bad luck will turn to good!"

The have a such fun."

"So we will have, such fun."

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"So we will us. Uncle wig litterail, the rabbit come and live with us. Uncle wigglly he have yellomes. "So you and Nurse Jane must come and live with us. Uncle wigglly he have yellomes. "So you and Nurse Jane must come and live with us. Uncle wigglly he have yellomes."

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AND LAGGARD tongue,

COULD FIND no words. FOR IDLE talk.

AND STIRRED our wit.

THOUGHT US bright. THESE THINGS you've done.

AND THESE things, too.

YOU'VE DUG deep graves.

WHERE SHINES the sun. AND FILLED them up.

WITH THOSE you found.

WHO LAUGHED with you.

AND PLAYED with you.

THE SKULKING thing.

YOU'VE SENT men out. WITH KNIFE or gun.

AND THEY have killed.

AND RUINED girls,

AND EVERYWHERE.

YOU'VE MADE men thieves.

AND STARVED wee babies.

YOU'VE LEFT your trail.

AND NOTHING mourns

BESIDE YOU'L grave.

BUT BUMAN greed

YOU REALLY were.

OR POISON cup.

TO KILL.

OF MISERY.

AND NOW you die

AND DIDN'T know.

IN IDLE hours.

SO OTHER Idlers.

IN EVERY land.







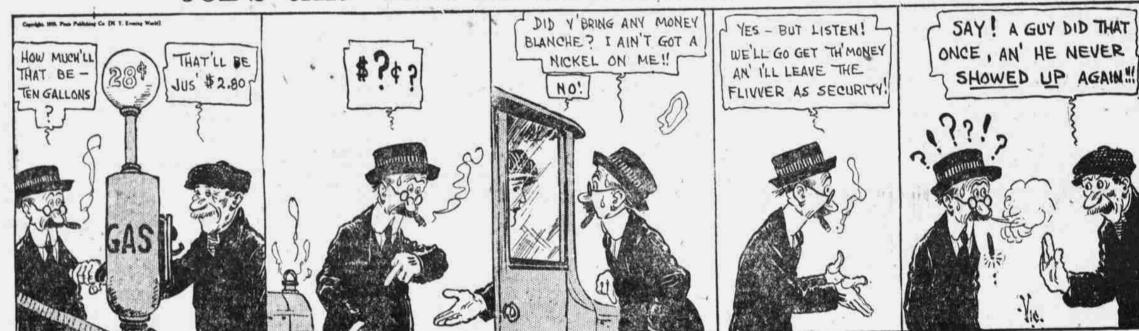




LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Gee, We Hope They Find the Sled



JOE'S CAR'-Don't Let the Bandit Insult Your Car, Joe



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY-Somebody's Always Razzin the Poor Waiter



News of Memphis Twice Told Tales

JANUARY 20, 1910.

In a written reply to the Law Enforcement league. Mayor Edward H. Crump informed J. C. Penn, secretary of the league, that theaters in Memphis would be permitted to open on Sundays. Members of the city commission joined the mayor in making this announcement.

After having been suspended for several days because of the heavy run of ice in the river, traffic was reopened focus. Large blocks of lee some four feet in thickness during the past few days have made navination in the river fent is since 189.

For the second time during the season the Chicksasw Guards club spendig dones to society, tendering a card party and hall. The recestion committee commonsed of the following well-known Memphians welcomed the guests upon their arrival; S. M. Williamson, Hugh Wynne, John W. Turner, J. W. Thompson, H. L. Taylor, J. A. Riechman, M. D. Sheldon, J. S. Patteson, Dr. G. S. McCown, H. H. Maury, Dr. J. F. Hill, J. B. Goodbar, J. F. Dickinson, H. H. Crosby, E. G. Covington, S. N. Castle, E. R. Barrow, H. B. Anderson, J. C. Adams and G. W. Ages.

IT BORE FRUIT.

De Style—Old Mrs. Passay had a young interstitial giand put in and now she looks like a pench.

Gunbusta—You mean an ape-ricot-Cartoons Magazine.

FREQUENT WATCH-WORD.

FREQUENT WATCH-WORD. "Tick!"-Cartoons Magazine,

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

years from now men will still be distractedly asking: "How should wives treat their husbands" And women: "How should husbands treat their wives?"

wives?"

It is in every instance an individual problem, an uncharted course, not to be solved by precedents and laws and maxims, but by consideration and tact and compromise and a sympathetic understander.

HOROSCOPE